

# Workmen Rushing Huge Palaces of Panama-Pacific International Exposition to Completion



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**T**HIS photograph, taken from the roof of the huge Palace of Machinery, shows a part of the main exhibit section of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition after three months of actual construction upon the buildings here shown. Before the buildings could be erected an immense amount of preliminary work was accomplished. Great lagoons were filled in by suction dredges and more than eighteen months were spent in leveling and laying out the grounds and in preparing for the record-breaking work now under way.

At the extreme left of the photograph is shown a portion of the Palace of Varied Industries; next in the foreground comes the Palace of Mines and Metallurgy, above which is to be seen a portion of the Palace of Manufactures. To the right are the rising frames of the Palaces of Transportation, Agriculture and Food Products. The large building with the dome in the center of the photograph is the Palace of Education, the dome rising to a height of 165 feet.

In the center of the photograph, where is seen a pool of water, will be located the great central court, the Court of the Sun and Stars. More than \$9,000,000 feet of lumber are being used in the main exhibit section. Thousands of men are at work. Each timber used in construction is numbered, and the foreman knows just where it goes. While the photograph gives an idea of the vast extent of the work, it does not reveal the splendor of the great Exposition. When completed a number of the towers, domes and lower gateways will rise higher than the first rim of the hills on the right, the Tower of Jewels being 125 feet in height. This photograph shows the outside walls of some of the buildings, which are identical in height with those of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, and also reveals the spaces over which the towering domes and huge vaulted arcades will be erected.

On the right above may be seen Fort Point, marking the entrance to the Golden Gate; below, to the right, is the broad esplanade, carpeted with green lawns and bordering San Francisco harbor.

## Impressions of a Twelve Hundred Mile "Mush" Across Frozen Alaska

Extracts from a Daily Journal Kept  
By R. S. HOPEY,  
of Albuquerque, ex-United States Attorney at Nome.

Seventh Day—January 26th.

We left tomorrow at 8:30 in the morning. This was one of the hardest trips we had yet made. The distance traveled was 52 miles. In the forenoon we traveled to what is known as the Foothill road house, where we took lunch with a couple of prospectors who are living alone there. We had to wait till they cooked it for us. Then we proceeded over a range of mountains, the first mile being almost straight up in the air. We both had to walk, and had to push the sled. I don't know how the mail teams ever get over this route unless they relay their loads. We saw myriads of ptarmigan. It was up and down, rise and fall, with a little push and pull, and a little sweat and get readjusted, all the time after-noon into the night. We met several other dog teams, including the mail man. After crossing the range we got into a country, where the ground was practically bare, or—the snow was filled with blown sand and that it ground the flesh from the feet of the dogs, and the captain had to put moccasins on most of them. It is interesting to watch how patiently the dogs submit to this, because they appear to know it will do them good, and then they patter along with their feet looking as though they had on small boxing gloves. We lost our way in a severe storm before we got to Una-Lahik, in better cold. We stopped at Powers' road house. He is a good sort of a fellow, too. It is a big Indian settlement. He appears to be a sort of a trouble-maker. I packed him and gave him some good advice, and wrote to Mr. Castle about some matters that ought to be attended to here, and left a note for one of our deputy marshals, who will arrive from St. Michael's in a day or two, with some prisoners for Nome, asking him to investigate as to a man or two living near the Foothill road house, of whom I had heard, which it was suspected might be connected with the killing of the Wilson boys in the Kuskokwim coun-

try, the latter part of July last. He did so later but found no ground for suspicion, as Mr. Castle informed me. Powers is a snore man, and treated us well, but his place is unbecomingly filthy, even though his food and treatment were real good. His squaw is a willing sort of a woman, who took pains to make things pleasant for us, and gave us the best they had in the house.

Eighth Day, January 27—Unalaklik to "Old Woman."

We left Powers' at 6 a. m. It was fairly cold, about ten below; we made thirty-four miles today; we are now crossing the portage between Norton bay and the great Yukon. At the start the wind was blowing strong in our faces, and the trails were pretty heavy. At noon, we stopped at an Indian igloo to get an opportunity to eat our lunch, which we brought from Powers'. The captain entered first. I entered the outer room a few minutes later, and when I entered the door to go into the main building—well, I didn't enter. The captain was seated at the table, expecting to spread out our lunch there. He said, "I guess this is a little strong for you in here." I thought it was, and backed out, and went back to the igloo. We took our coffee, which was all that we had, as the bread and other stuff was frozen solid. In the shelter of the house in the bitter cold, and then continued our journey. The getting out and the disarrangement caused me great discomfort, for at this particular hour, it must have been 20 below. Again I blessed the thermo-bottle. A friend gave me a first-class bottle of whiskey when I started, but you still never think of drinking whiskey, or any other intoxicant, when it is ten below zero; the bottle of whiskey and the bottle of wine I had lasted more than half of the trip, and if partaken of at all, it was at one of the road houses in the evening. The captain, true to his race, although I must say he is a very temperate man, drank most of the wine while I did manage to get a few sips of the whiskey, which



GEORGE KELLY AS "LOUISE NEW HILL" IN "THE COMMON LAW" AT ELKS' THEATRE TONIGHT.

proved to be a great treat to the road house miners met on the way. Contrary to anything that may be said on the other side, I assert that outside the thickly settled camps or towns, the men of Alaska drink very little whiskey. Tea, not coffee, is the great beverage. Of course, some fellows, who come in from the "outside" bring the custom with them and drink a good deal of whiskey for quite a while after they arrive. The captain related an incident to me about bringing in from Valdez to Nome a couple of genial mining superintendents a few weeks ago. They had each made faithful promises to their wives before they started from Seattle, that they would not take a drink on the trail, but the captain, who was handy with the kodak, tells me that he got numerous pictures of them on the way in, where in order not to break their promises to their wives, they had stood about six feet off the trail on the snow, while they took numerous drinks. The captain further said that about half the whiskey they had on that trip from Seattle, and his passengers stated that if they stay over night there, he has a few traps set and has a little for, but plenty of food; says he is here because it is the cheapest place. He knows of to live; that he has no fixed charges to pay, gets his grub for nothing, has no work to do save the little chores with the dogs once in a while and with in the spring, so down to Unalaklik, and re-began his occupation of sailor. I found hundreds of men in Alaska that are also there because of the easy way of living, after they possess a winter's grub stake. We made nineteen additional miles to Thirty-two Mile cabin. It is thus called, because it is twenty-two miles from Kaltag on the Yukon. Snow began to get heavy in today's run. Late in the afternoon we met Mr. Herron, who is musing in to Nome from Tidewater. I talked with him about five minutes. He appears to be on some political mission, and as it appears to be for the administration, I wished him every success, and wrote some letters from the next stopping place to a friend at Nome to help him out. I learned very little about him otherwise, but had heard some little about him before I left Nome.

We arrived at "Old Woman" late in the evening. It is a signal

found nobody in possession, and had to put away our own dogs, and cook our own food. Some portions of it were a mighty cold job, but we got fires going soon, and dug out the stovetop and some food besides, setting our own for our suppers and breakfast. It was bitterly cold tonight, and this is surely a lonely place.

## "THE COMMON LAW" AT ELKS' THEATRE TONIGHT

Theatrical Producer Has Succeeded Admirably in Transforming Cold Type Into Glow of Footlights.

No great has been the pressure brought to bear by an insistent public through the medium of the mails

and personal interviews, that Mr. Robert W. Chambers, the author of so many well known novels, has finally decided to allow his biggest work, "The Common Law," to be dramatized under his supervision. The transformation of an absorbing story from cold type to the warm glow of the footlights is no easy matter, but Mr. A. B. Woods, the well known theatrical producer has eminently succeeded in getting together the crystallized substance of the story and moulded it into dramatic shape, and the new play fresh from its triumphs in the principal cities will be seen at the Elks theatre tonight. That the stage version has been well done, that the scenery is artistic and that the whole result is in every way satisfactory has been amply proven by the praise of both Mr. Chambers the novelist, and Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, the celebrated artist, who illustrated the original work.

"LAVENDER AND OLD LACE" COMING ON FEBRUARY 21

No announcement in connection with the drama of the day has been received with greater or more widespread interest than the proclamation of the dramatization of "Lavender and Old Lace," that most delightful story from the pen of the

late Myrtle Reed, which comes here February 21. It was the most popular of the tales which came from Miss Reed's ever busy pen, and its tens of thousands of readers have wondered many times if there were ever to see its characters realized upon the stage.

That opportunity comes now as "Lavender and Old Lace" has been made into a play by a young American playwright, David G. Fischer, who is said to have caught the spirit of the novel admirably in its rebuilding for the stage. All of the people of the story are introduced and care was taken that the tale did not lose one bit of its flavor in the transplanting to the mimic world.

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